The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1802. [NO. XXV.

ON SENSIBILITY.

AN ACADEMIC EXERCISE.

(Concluded from our last.)

A disposition like this cannot but inspire the heart with the most refined delight. The sight is an inlet of much pleasure. Inanimate beauty, as displayed in the harmony, simplicity, and magnificence of nature, impresses it with many pleasing sensations. But beauty's living expressions, beauty's breathing images, graceful motions, and glowing forms strike it with more exquisite pleasure still. But, superior even to these, there are immaterial, internal, moral beauties: there are finer, warmer, and more pathetic images: etherial forms; glowings of the bosom; breathings of the immortal soul. These, the gross animal sight cannot discern. These are only to be contemplated by sensibility, that finer organ of the soul!

How ridiculous, then, that proud stoical system that would establish epathy of soul in the room of feeling! That, by stealing the bosom against the soft impressions of humanity, fortifying it with a cold dispassionate indifference against nature's warmer breathings: that by sternly frowning away the feelings of the man, and cramping the generous impulse, would draw a veil over this fine optic of the soul, and obstruct its perceptions of that elegance, refinement, and lustre displayed in moral scenes.

Oh, sensibility! thou favourite of heaven, I enter thy temple with sacred wonder! What a croud of venerable images is here! what more than human grandeur! what a glory circles the arches! what religion crowns the pillars!

There are many flowers in the vale of life from which sensibility extracts delightful honey. There is a scene, a lovely and a graceful scene; where enthusiasm is hot in every heart, kindles in every eye, and pants in every bosom: where tears are their rapture, silence the eloquence, and virtue the crown of the scene. Illustrious triumph of feeling! delightful jubilee of angel bosoms! glorious meridian of sublunary bliss!

The raptures which sensibility feels are hard to be expressed. They are not the objects of language. Words are blots which disgrace such sensations. Language is dismissed as a needless interpreter. In this mental dialect, souls of different countries, of different worlds, of different systems, may hold converse together. The organs of sense are neither the inlets of their bliss, nor the index of their feelings. The scene is all ethereal. Their souls embrace, their spirits are congenial, their feelings are kindred. The same rapture circulates in every bosom, and the same language speaks in every throb! How do scenes like these triumph over the weak efforts of language? The rapturous throb, the gushing eye, the speechless embrace: these are images which breathless eloquence pants to express: the favourite touches in nature's drama, which spectator angels contemplate with a smile, and crown with a plaudit.

Thus far sensibility triumphs; but when afflictions come, does she not feel with proportionate pain? surely, the heart that thus exults in the scenes of joy with such lively feelings, must bleed when adversity stings. Surely, then, in a world where afflictions reign, a feeling heart must be a curse. Under the mild influence of peace, indeed, sensibility is a smile and a rapture; but when affliction stings the bosom, it is an exquisite agony.

The gentle dove is only a *happy* bird in paradise, the land of gentleness and peace; but in an hostile realm, what is it but a trembling quarry, while birds of prey are hovering round it?

It is true, sensibility has her pangs, and she feels them as keenly as bosom can feel. While others only weep, her gentler nature bleeds. While their bosoms only sigh, her bosom writhes with torture. While other hearts are wrung with agony, her tender heart-strings burst! yet, surely, even this, painful as it is, has more sweetness in it than a tasteless insensibility, a cold and sullen apathy.

Behold yonder aged parent visiting the grave where his departed daughter sleeps: the child of his bosom; the rapture of his heart; the sunshine of his eye, and the crown of his age! See him prostrate on the ground, rolling his distracted head on the hillock of her whose softest bosom was once his pillow. Tears gush over her grave whose filial hand was wont to wipe away the tear from his eye! His heart bleading over the tomb of her whose smile was the peace of his heart.

The friend approaches; the tender friend: the tear of pity in his eye, and the accent of peace on his lip. He kindly addresses the weeping sufferer; he grasps his hand—the weeping sufferer hears not the voice; he feels not the grasp: enthusiastic imagination has locked him in the coffin of his daughter. Say, does not the mourner love to indulge his grief? Does he not hug his sorrow? Is he not deaf to the soothings of friendship? Is he not deaf to the voice of comfort? The Angel of Peace descends to console him. The friendly spirit whsipers peace to his soul: "Hoary mourner," he cries, "I congratulate thee—gentle is thy bosom, and gentleness and peace shall smile within thy heart—heaven crowns thy feelings with a smile, for thy feelings are heaven."

Such is sensibility! such its beauties! such its raptures! such its tears!

Biography.

[When we first heard of the sudden decease of Mr. PALMER, and the singular circumstances attending his exit, it was our intention to present our readers with his memoirs as soon as they could be procured. The biography of players has generally proved acceptable to the public. Their situation involves such a variety of incidents, exposes them to such constant vicissitudes, and introduces them to such very different scenes, that the detail of their life and conduct excites considerable curiosity. Hence their narratives have been caught up and perused with avidity. The memoirs of COLLY CIBBER and of Mrs. BELLAMY, are proofs of the truth of the preceding observation. The very sudden and awful death of Mr. Palmer, has en-

gaged the attention, and excited the sympathy of all ranks of people. He was acting a part in *The Stranger* (that masterpiece of Kotzebue), and, being asked by the representative of *Baron Steinfort* where he had left his children, [Poor Palmer, labouring under heavy domestic afflictions, felt the force of these expressions] fell backward and expired, exclaiming,

"..... ....." Oh, God, God,
There is another and a better world."

These were lines in *The Stranger*, and, from their expressiveness, are inscribed upon his tomb. ROSCOE has, with truth, asserted, that he was a

Martyr of sympathy, more sadly true
Than ever Fancy feign'd, or Poet drew.

(From a late London Publication.)

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE

MR. JOHN PALMER.

.....All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. JOHN PALMER was born in London, about the year 1740, and by some it has been added, in the parish of St. Luke, Old-street. His father belonged to the army, and had served under the brave Marquis of Granby, who at that period had attained to a great height of popularity. After his dismission, Palmer, sen. was recommended by the Marquis to a situation in Drury-lane Theatre, where, after having discharged his duty for several years with great honesty, he not long ago died. His son John aided him in his occupations, and by this means was generated in his breast an inextinguishable passion for the exhibitions of the stage.

His father wished him to enter upon a military life, but he refused to abandon his inclination for the stage. Upon applying to Garrick, however, and wishing to act the part of *George Barnwell* and *Mercutio*, he declined countenancing him. The army was again recommended to his choice but again reprobated. He, for the present, engaged himself in a print-shop, and frequented the Theatre with unwearied assiduity. The obstacles already thrown in his way served only to heighten and perpetuate his predominant passion.

A little time afterwards he was so far gratified as to have an opportunity of speaking at the Theatre, *Buck's have at you all!* Encouraged by a favourable reception, he felt his ardonr for the stage increased, and even obtained an engagement at a trifling salary, which through indiscretion was soon forfeited.

His next effort was with the comic Mr. *Foote*, then occupied in delivering his *Morning Lectures* at the little Theatre in the Hay-market. Palmer performed the part of *Harry Scamper*, the *Oxford Scholar*, in the new piece of the *Orators*. A ludicrous circumstance happened at the commencement of the exhibition; for the first scene opened with Harry Scamper and Will in one of the stage boxes, the former of whom expressing violently a wish to see his girl Poll Blazey, at the Shakspeare, the audience were alarmed. They called out to turn those *noisy fellows* out of the boxes, not dreaming that it was a part of the entertainment. Foote, however, came forward and explained the affair, when the audience became equally loud in their expressions of approbation. The mistake which at first assumed so serious an appearance, tended to promote their merriment.

Our hero, at the close of the summer season, having been again rejected by Mr. Garrick, enlisted into a country company, and made his first appearance at Sheffield, in the character of *Richmond*, in *Richard the Third*. Illness, however, soon sent him back to the metropolis, where he engaged with *Foote*, from whom he quickly separated, was with a company at Portsmouth, and finally, upon his return to London, was engaged the ensuing season by Garrick, in the inferior character of the *Officer*, in *Richard the Third*. But demanding, after some time, an increase of salary he was refused, and set off for Colchester, where his reception was by no means favourable, though by the interposition of *Mrs. Webb*, of Covent-Garden Theatre, he was retained, at the salary of fifteen shillings per week, under the management of *Mr. Hurst*. But his reputation advancing, his wages were raised to a guinea, and with this slight increase he seems to have been well contented. Indeed, the turmoiled complexion of his life made the least degree of success productive of contentment. Much of the happiness of mankind is comparative; but it is not on that account the less to be valued.

Not long after this period he was engaged at Norwich, at an encreased salary, and here his talents began to open upon the world. Here also he entered into a matrimonial connection with a *Miss Berroughs*, who, previous to his arrival, had entertained an high opinion of his talents. At the close of the season he carried his wife to London, and applied to *Garrick*, who again refused him, when our orator undertook and delivered *Stevens's Lectures upon Heads*. He began this eccentric employ at Hampstead and Highgate, and proceeded to visit some of the most populous towns of the middle counties, by the inhabitants of which he was received in the most flattering manner.

In 1767 he once more arrived in London, and engaged with his old friend *Foote*, at the Hay-market theatre; but the breaking of *Foote's* leg prevented the opening of the house at an early period. Upon the collection of proper actors, *Mr. Palmer* had the honour of representing *Montano*, in Othello, an appointment which, no doubt, highly gratified his feelings.

In this situation he gained the friendship of *Mr. Barry*, and was benefitted in no small degree by his instructions. *Mr. Garrick* now discovering his merrit, shewed a disposition to carress him, which was the height of Palmer's ambition. Other offers had been made to him, but they were steadily relinquished for the exhibitions of Drury-lane. His first appearance there was in *Sir Harry Beagle*, and his reception was highly flattering. He nevertheless experienced a disappointment in the smallness of his salary, of which he complained to the *British Roscius*, who added five shillings more! Disgusted at this illiberal treatment, he was on the point of deserting the Theatre, but luckily forebore, and remained, though with some reluctance, in his present situation. In this conduct our hero acted wisely, had he again thrown himself on the wide world, it would have been difficult, perhaps, to have reinstated himself in the situation, where his talents soon became eminently distinguished!

Upon the illness and death of *Gentleman* Palmer mentioned in *Churchill's Rosciad*, but no relation to the subject of this sketch, our hero emerged from his obscurity. The clouds which had hitherto enveloped him began to dissipate; his horizon began to clear up, and his abilities for the stage quickly shone with a resplendent lustre. In *Harcourt; My Lord Duke*, in *High Life below Stairs; Brush*, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and in a larg circle of comic characters, his talents became conspicuous. *Mr. Garrick* instantly articled him at a liberal salary of four years, & took him under his immediate patronage. Mr. Palmer and his wife were honoured with his friendship, and the promises made to them were sacredly observed. This kindness, in a measure, compensated for past deficiences, and in a generous mind resentment is not long harboured.—Garrick, with all his failings, was a protector of merit, and in him many a poor player found a warm and steady friend. In every part of his profession, which was attended with considerable difficulties, he acquitted himself with consummate ability.

His fame as an actor now rapidly increased; the death of *Love*, in 1774, the retirement both of *Jefferson* and *Smith*, put him in the possession of many original characters. In the splendor of his career he was arrested by an accident which seemed at one time likely to deprive him of life. At the conclusion of the *Grecian Daughter*, when the heroine stabs the tyrant, Mr. Palmer, who sustained that character, received a severe blow from *Mrs. Barry*, owing to the failure of the spring in the dagger: This circumstance confined him to his bed for *five* months, and at this melancholy period he was often entertained with fabricated accounts of his decease, and high panegyrics on his talents, in the public papers.

In the *School for Scandal*, he performed the hypocritical character of *Joseph Surface* with uncommon ability. *Sneer*, in the *Critic*, was also a part in which he distinguished himself. Critics have ever pronounced these characters his *chefs d'œuvres* but in other exhibitions he was great, and in *all* he manifested a good understanding and a generous heart. These are qualifications which should command a lasting admiration.

In 1785, Mr. Palmer engaged in an undertaking which gave rise to great speculations, and ultimately involved him in deep distress. This was the planning, erecting and opening a *Theatre* near *Wellclose-square*, in the east-end of the town. This was a bold, and in the end an unprofitable enterprize. He had persuaded himself that the licence of the Governor of the Tower and Constable of the Hamlets would be a sufficient sanction for exhibiting plays in that district. In this main circumstance, however, he was disappointed. Of the impracticability of the scheme he had been apprised at an early period; but he, notwithstanding, flattered himself with success, and actually built a large and commodious place for exhibition, under the title of the *Royalty Theatre*. It was opened in the summer of 1787, with *As you Like it*, and *Miss in her Teens*. But the managers of the other Theatres considered this to be an invasion of their property, and threatened him with a prosecution in case that he persisted. Thus situated, he had the mortification of being obliged to relinquish a plan in which great sums had been expended, and on which his heart had long dwelt with satisfaction!

Upon his abandoning this most unfortunate business, he opened an entertainment at the *Lyceum*, for the 15th of June, 1789. In the prologue which he spoke on that occasion, and which was penned by *Mr. Bellamy*, are to be found these very appropriate lines:—

"My chequer'd and eventful path to cheer,
"And buoy me up through each eventful year;
"Still on my road of thorns some flow'rs I view,
"Friendship's fair flowers, and *fairer* never grew!
"Their greatful sweets commission'd to impart,
"The thrill of rapture to a greatful heart!
"Supported thus, tho' hope's fair visions fade,
"And all my *Eastern* prospects set in shade:
"I shall not droop, but patient learn to bear
"The wounds inflicted by the shafts of care!
"My friends assembled here with joy I view,
"Whose welcome presence pleasing hopes renew:
"Greatful I bend, and own their generous meed,
"For friends when wanted—are my friends INDEED!"

At Worcester, and other parts of the country, as well as at the Hay-market and Drury-lane, he soon afterwards performed with his usual ability and success. In a variety of places did he employ himself with that activity for which he had been ever so much distinguished.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Travels.

"Here you may range the world from pole to pole,
Increase your knowledge, and delight your soul;
Travel all nations, and inform your sense,
With ease and safety at a small expense."

Of the nature of the Turkish Government; and of the Grand Signior's Procession to the Mosque. By Lady M. W. Montague.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army. The Grad Signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janizary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than amongst us. A minister of state is not spoke to but upon the knee. Should a reflection on his conduct be dropt in a coffee-house (for they have spies every where) the house would be razed to the ground, and perhaps, the whole company put to the torture. No *huzzaing mobs*, *senseless pamphlets*, *and tavern disputes about politics*:

"A consequencial ill that freedom draws;
"A bad effect.—but from a noble cause."

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off his hands, head and feet, and throw them before the palace-gate with all the respect in the world; while the sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration), sits trembling in his apartment, and dares neither defend nor avenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no law but his will.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest and strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers are most miserable.

I went yesterday, along with the French ambassadress, to see the Grand Signior in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janizaries, with vast white feathes on their heads, as also by the foot and horse guards, and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, so that at a distance they appeared like a parterre of tulips.—After them the Aga of the janizaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next to him the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies, in a deep yallow cloth (which suited very well to his black face), lined with sables. Last of all came his sublimity himself, arrayed in green, lined with the fur of a black Muscovite fox, which is supposed to be worth a thousand pounds sterling, and mounted on a fine horse, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horses, richly caparisoned, were led with him, and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his silver coffee-pot on a staff. Another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to describe the various dresses and turbants by which their rank is distinguished; but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands; so that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful procession. The sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with something, however, severe in his countenance, and his eyes were full and black. He happened to stop under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were), looked upon us very attentively, so that we had leisure to consider him.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XIII.

ON VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

Arms and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd left the Trojan shore,
Long labours both by sea and land he bore;
And in the doubtful war before he won
The Latin realm, and built the distant town,
His banish'd gods restor'd to rights divine,
And settled sure succession in his line;
From thence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome!

DRYDEN.*

FROM HOMER, the father of epic poetry, we turn to the Mantuan bard, the elegance and softness of whose strains are the subjects of universal admiration. No scholar can read his inimitable production without approving the choice of his subject, and discerning the felicity with which his plan hath been executed. Nor let it be forgotten, that, with all its excellencies, this is an unfinished poem; on which account Virgil, at his death, desired it might be committed to the flames. Happily Augustus disobeyed the mandate; it was the interest of the emperor that the work should not be destroyed, for it proved his family to be descended from the king's of Troy!

The subject of the Æneid is the settlement of Æneas, a Trojan fugitive, in Italy. It is distributed into twelve books. The contents of each book are instructive and and amusing. In the *first*, the hero is introduced in the seventh year of his expedition, sailing in the Mediterranean, and shipwrecked on the African coast, where he is received by Dido. In the *second*, Æneas, at the desire of the Phœnician queen, relates the fall of Troy, and his flight through the general conflagration to mount Ida. In the *third*, the hero continues his narration, by an account of his voyage through the Cyclades (a cluster of small islands) the places where he landed, and the dreadful storm, with the description of which the poem opened. Dido, in the *fourth* book, makes public her partiality to Æneas, which is slighted by the sailing of the Trojans from Carthage, and the book closes with the suicide of the disappointed queen. In the *fifth* book, Æneas sails to Sicily, where he celebrates the anniversary of his father's death, and thence pursues his voyage to Italy. In the *sixth* he visits the Elysian fields, and learns from his father the fate which attends him, and his descendants the Romans. In the *seventh* book, the hero reaches the destined land of Latium, and concludes a treaty with the king of the country, which is soon broken by the interference of Juno, who stimulates Turnus to war. The auxiliaries of the enemy are enumerated, and in the *eighth* book, Æneas is assisted by Evander, and receives from Venus a shield wrought by Vulcan, on which are represented the future glory and triumphs of the Roman nation. The Reader is pleased in the *ninth* book with the account of battles between the rival armies, and the immortal friendship of Nisus and Euryalus. Jupiter, in the *tenth*, attempts a reconciliation between Venus and Juno, who patronised the opposite parties. The fight is renewed, Pallas killed, and Turnus saved from the avenging hand of Æneas, by the interposition of Juno. The *eleventh* book gives an account of the funeral of Pallas, and of the meditated reconciliation between Æneas and Latinus, which the sudden appearance of the enemy defeats. Camilla is slain, and the combatants separated by the night. In the *last* book, Juno prevents the single combat agreed upon by Turnus and Æneas. The Trojans are defeated in the absence of their king; but on the return of Æneas the battle assumes a different turn, a single combat is fought by the rival leaders; and with the death of king Turnus the poem is concluded.

Such are the topics which constitute the Æneid, and which the genius of Virgil has converted into a very animated composition. The selection of such a subject accorded with the consummate pride of the Romans, who were always disposed to entertain an exalted notion of their own origin and descent. The poem flattered this fond predilection in the highest degree, and hence its uncommon popularity. Throughout the whole, also, a strict unity is preserved, and all its concomitant scenes are calculated to produce the happiest effects on the imagination.

The poetry is characterised for its elegance and its tenderness. The music of his lines is inexpressively fine, engaging the affections, and meliorating the heart. It is indicative of that sweetness of sentiment which never fails to interest the cultivated mind. Around every subject Virgil throws an inimitable grace, he seizes every topic in the most agreeable point of view, he invests his theme with a pleasing dignity; by him the minutest matters are decorated with the charms of genuine poetry. The Æneid abounds with beauties of every description. The second and fourth books discover a masterly hand, the former delineating the sacking of Troy, and the latter depicting the progress and effects of Dido's fatal passion. Both exhibit scenes highly tragical, and therefore powerfully interest the heart. The tender emotions, likewise, are strongly excited by the interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus in the third book, and by the episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius in the Italian wars. The last six books are certainly inferior to the other part of the poem, for which this just reason may be assigned, they did not receive the author's final correction. They were thrown off in greater haste, though they retain evident marks of that divine genius which, with more leisure, could have infused into them an ampler portion of beauty and sublimity.

Among the defects of the Æneid are enumerated its want of distinctive characters, and a certain infelicity with respect to some circumstances attendant on the termination of the plot. Of the latter, much allowance should be made on account of the unfinished state of the poem. As to the characters, the charge may be made with some justice. Even Æneas, the favourite hero, might have been made much more interesting. Qualities might have been assigned him of a more conciliating kind. The character of Dido, however, is well drawn, and, in a degree, recompences the defect with which the poet hath been charged. The paroxisms of passion are marked in their wild progress, till at last its victim, after having been tossed like a bark in a tempest, seeks relief in voluntary destruction. The manner of her death is affectingly described, and her language is expressive of the tumults by which her breast was torn when laying on the funeral pile:

..... Even this death with pleasure I receive
On any terms, 'tis better than to live:
She said and struck, deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd;
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands,
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,

* The English Reader will find in Dryden's Translation of Virgil a faithful and animated transcript of its original. But the divine spirit of Virgil cannot be infused into any translation. At the fountain head alone is this stream to be tasted in its purity. Virgil flourished several hundred years after Homer, near the commencement of the Christian æra.

And through the town the dismal rumour spread;
First from the frighted court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from house to house it ran.
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
DRYDEN.

Other beauties might be pointed out, particularly the Descent into Hell, which is a master-piece of its kind. But we forbear, our limits will not allow us to enlarge.

Critics have been fond of drawing a parallel between Virgil and Homer; that drawn by Pope, in the following words, is well deserving of attention:...." Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one, we must admire the man, in the other, the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow, Virgil like a river in its banks, with a gentle constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. Homer, boundless and irresistible, as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases. Virgil calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation."

Besides the *Æneid*, VIRGIL has left behind him two other very pleasing poetical works....Pastoral *Eclogues*, and the *Georgics*, which treat admirably on the subjects of agriculture. Both are pieces of singular merit, and are perused by the classical scholar with pleasure and with improvement.

GOSSIPIANA.

NO. V.

CURIOUS CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH, DRAWN SOME TIME AGO.

THE French unite every extreme of conduct; they have virtues and vices, strengths and weaknesses seemingly incompatible. They are *effeminate*, yet *brave*; insincere, yet honourable; hospitable, but not benevolent; vain, yet subtle; splendid, not generous; warlike, yet polite; plausible, not virtuous; mercantile, yet not mean; in *trifles serious*, in *danger gay*; *women* at the *toilet*, *heroes* in the *field*; profligate in heart, yet decent in their conduct; *divided* in *opinion*, but *united* in *action*; weak in manners, but strong in principle; *contemptible* in *private* life, and *formidable* in *public*.

SOLITUDE.

Madam de Stael considered it as a vulgar error, to suppose that freedom and comfort could be enjoyed at court or in public, where even the minute actions of our lives are observed, where our sentiments must be regulated by the circumstances of those around us, where every person assumes the right of scrutinizing our character, and where we never have the smallest enjoyment of *ourselves*. *The enjoyment of one's self* (says she) *can only be found in solitude. It was within the walls of the Bastille, that I first became acquainted with myself.*

LIBRARIES.

Amongst modern libraries, the four largest are supposed to be the Emperor's at Vienna; the Vatician library; the library of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, and that now belonging to the French Republic, at Paris. Of ancient libraries, the Alexandrian was the most celebrated. Among the other ancient libraries, that of Lucullus is said to have been very considerable, as was also that of Trajan, which was called after him the Ulpian library. But one of the most elegant was that founded at Rome by Simonicus, preceptor of the Emperor Gordianus. It is said to have contained 8000 select volumes, and that the apartment in which they were deposited was paved with gilt marble. The walls were composed of glass and ivory; and the shelves, cases, presses, and desks, made of ebony and cedar.

SUBLIME POETRY.

In the 74th Psalm, of Sternhold and Hopkin's version, will be found the following curious lines. David is addressing the Divine Being, and thus exclaims—

" Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,
" And hide it in thy lap!
O! pluck it out, and be not slack,
To give thy foes a *rap*."

SLAVE TRADE.

Lord Orford, in a letter to Miss Hannah More, remarks, "I do not understand the manœuvre of sugar, and, perhaps, am going to talk nonsense, as my idea may be impracticable; but I wish human wit, which is really very considerable in mechanics and merchantry, could devise some method of cultivating canes, and making sugar without the manual labour of the human species. How many mills and inventions have there not been discovered to supply succedaneums to the work of the hands, and which, before the discoveries, would have been treated as visions? It is true, manual labour has, sometimes, taken it very ill to be excused, and has destroyed such mills—but *the poor negroes* would not rise and insist upon being worked to death. Pray talk to some ardent genius, but do not name me; not merely because I may have talked like an idiot, but because my ignorance might, *ipso facto*, stamp the idea with ridicule. People, I know, do not love to be put out of their old ways: no farmer listens at first to new inventions in agriculture; and I do not doubt but bread was, originally, deemed a new fangled vagary by those who had seen their fathers live very comfortably on acorns. Nor is there any harm in starting new game to invention; many excellent discoveries have been made by men who were *in chase* of something very different. I am not quite sure that the arts of making gold, and of living for ever, have been yet found out; yet to how many noble discoveries has the pursuit of those nostrums given birth! Poor chemistry, had she not had such glorious objects in view!

"If you are sitting under a cowslip at your cottage*, these reveries may amuse you for half an hour, at least make you smile; and, for the ease of your conscience, which is always in a panic, they require no answer."

MILTON,

Said Lord Orford, has merit so much superior to *mere grace*, that I will only say that if his Raphael, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvidere, his Eve has all the delicacy of the Venus of Medici, and his discription of Eden has the colouring of Albano. His tenderness always imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas and the Allegro Penseroso, and Comus might be denominated from the three Graces.

Milton's soul was full of poetry, sense, and fire; and he had improved all these qualities by studying the best models. Thus prepared, he gave a loose to his genius, which was too impetuous and sublime to be curbed by the mechanism of rhyme, which would often have impeded his expressing all he felt, and oftner, perhaps, have obliged him to add frigidities to help

* MISS MORE lives at a place called Cowslip Green, a few miles from Bristol.

out the return of the sound. The language, therefore, of MILTON's blank verse was not studied, but the natural application of his own tongue to deliver his own ideas.

CLAUDE SANGUIN,

A French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Lewis XIV. on the occasion. The Monarch at once felt the delicacy of the Poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one *thousand* crowns, which were the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This, *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be;
But yet, when reviewing my miseries past,
Of your majesty's income the total I cast,
All counted (I've still the remembrance quite clear,)
Your revenue's *one hundred millions a year*;
Hence *one hundred thousand per day* in your pow'r,
Divided, brings *four thusand crowns to each hour*;
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which lightning has caus'd in my country recess,
May I be allow'd to request, noble *Sire*,
Of *your time fifteen minutes*, before I expire.

CURIOUS PROCLAMATION.

Whereas a multiplicity of dangers have often occured by damage of outrageous accidents by fire; We, whose names are here underwritten, have thought proper that the necessity of an engine ought by us, for the better extinguishing of which aforesaid *outrageous accidents of Almighty God* that may unto us happen, to make a rate to gather alms and benevolence for the better propagating of which good instrument. NUTTING, Mayor.

This was issued some years ago by a Mayor of Cambridge, in consequence of the frequency of fires, and no engine being in the town.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT GREY.

TAUNTON bare him, London bred him,
Piety train'd him, virtue led him,
Earth enrich'd him, heav'n possess'd him,
Taunton bles'd him, London press'd him,
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety and pity,
What he gave, and how he gave it,
Ask the poor and you shall have it.
Gentle reader, may heav'n strike
Thy tender heart to do the like;
And now thy eyes have red this story,
Give *him* the praise and *God* the glory.

PETRARCH'S IDEA OF BOOKS.

Few persons know the value of books better than *Petrarch*. His friends having written him several apologies for not visiting him, in which they declaimed against his love of solitude, as unnatural to a human being, and reproached him on his unsocial mode of life; Petrarch smiled at their messages, and made the following excellent remarks: "*These people* consider the pleasures of the world as their supreme good, and not to be renounced. But I have friends of a different description, whose society is far more agreeable to me. They are of all countries, and of all ages; they are distinguished in war, in politics, and in the sciences. It is very easy to see them, they are always at my service. I call for their company, or send them away whenever I please; they are never troublesome, and immediately answer all my questions. Some relate the events of ages past, others reveal the secrets of nature; *these* teach me how to live in comfort, *those* how to die in quiet. These drive away every care and increase my gaiety by the brilliancy of their wit, whilst others harden my heart against suffering, shew me how to restrain my desires, and enable me to depend on my self alone. In return for all these services, they only require of me a chamber, in one corner of my mansion, where they may repose in peace."

MULTIPLICATION.

Hillel, the Rabbi, says, "He that multiplieth flesh, multiplieth vermin; he that multiplieth estates, multiplieth care; he that multiplieth females, multiplieth enchantments; he that multiplieth female servants, multiplieth fornication; he that multiplieth men servants, multiplieth rapine: but he that multiplieth law, multiplieth life; he that multiplieth study, multiplieth sagacity; he that multiplieth counsel, multiplieth prudence; he that multiplieth justice, multiplieth peace.

ON PART OF A GAOL WHICH WAS CONVERTED INTO A METHODIST MEETING

In words of Sacred Writ we're told,
That once among the Jews of old,
The house of God a den was made,
Where thieves and lawyers drove their trade,
Yet now we see a change as odd,
A den of thieves turn'd house of God.

THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT DISSECTED.

	Old Testament.	New.	Total.
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1189
Verses	23,214	7959	31,173
Words	592,493	181,253	773,692
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6081 verses, 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is the 117th Psalm; the middle verse is the 8th of the 18th Psalm: the middle line is the 2d book of Chronicles, 4th chapter, 16th verse. The word *and* occurs in the Old Testament, 85,543: the same word occurs in the New Testament 10,684 times, the word Jehovah occurs 6855 times.

Old Testament. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs, the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verse is the 2d book of Chronicles, 20th chapter, 20d verse: the least verse is the 1st book of Chronicles, 1st chapter and 1st verse.

New Testament. The middle book is Thessalonians 2d: the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans; the middle verse is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts, the least verse, is the 35th verse, of 11th chapter of the Gospel by St. John.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The book of Esther has 10 chapters, but neither the words *Lord* or *God* in it.

DR. JOHNSON'S MARRIAGE.

The following curious account of his journey with his wife to church, on the nuptial morn, was given to Mr. [illegible], by the doctor himself:—"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastic notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges, as I was sure she could not miss me, and I contrived so that she could soon come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears."

THE OLD MAID'S APOLOGY.

I determin'd the moment I left off my bib,
I would never become any man's crooked rib,
And think you to fright me, when gravely you tell
That old maids will surely lead apes when in hell?

I'll take the reversion, and grant 'twill be so
But yet I shall keep to my vow,
For I'd rather lead Apes in the regions below,
Than be led by a foolish ape now.

New-York,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1802.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Editors of THE BALANCE have issued proposals for printing, by subscription, THE SHAM-PATRIOT UNMASKED; *or, an Exposition of the Fatally Successful Arts of Demagogues to Exalt themselves by Flattering and Swindling the People, in a variety of Pertinent Facts drawn from Sacred and Profane History: being a series of Essays written by* HISTORICUS, *and lately published in that Paper.* These Essays have been re-published in almost every political paper in the United States. Mr. SAMPSON, the senior Editor of THE BALANCE, is generally believed to be the writer; a gentleman of learning and piety, who does equal honour to his profession, and to the City which claims him as her own. The title of the work sufficiently explains its nature and tendency; and we have only to remark, that they are written in a correct and elegant style....in language which appeals to the heart, and to the understanding, not to the passions.

[*Subscriptions for the above work will be thankfully received at this Office.*]

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

February 1. This evening was presented (sixth time) the comedy of *The Poor Gentleman;* and the opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion.*

February 3. Morton's celebrated drama of *Columbus; or, A World Discovered;* and a new opera, entitled *The Merry Gardener; or, The Night of Adventures.*

February 5. Mrs. Inchbald's popular comedy of *I'll tell you What;* and *The Merry Gardener; or, The Night of Adventures.*

In our last Theatrical Register we promised some account of (the new acquisition to our *corps dramatique*) Mr. WILSON. He made his debut in the character of *Frank Oatland*, in Morton's comedy of *A Cure for the Heart-Ache.* His appearance and manner was peculiarly pleasing, and his personification throughout was marked with the pencil of propriety; though, in some scenes, the chaste critic must have observed the ascendancy of art over nature. In the purse scene, however, we think him *superior* to his predecessor in that character. The uncommon flexibility of his muscles showed well the struggles of the passions, and told ALL that was passing within. He is of the middle height, slim, and not elegant. We occasionally discover a provincial accent; and the walls of the house are in no danger from the strength of his voice. Upon the whole, however, we think him a valuable acquisition to the present company. *Frank* formerly found a representative in JEFFERSON, who may, with truth, be stiled THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

[We copy the following excellent sentiments from *The Albany Centinel;* and hope they may be ever fresh in the memories of our juvenile readers. For Kotzebue's account of the "good and bad of which matrimony is composed," we refer our readers to the Theatrical Register in No. 14 of The Lady's Monitor.]

WHEN a young man enters upon the matrimonial state, with a view of circumscribing his vain imagination, and removing the delusive follies attached to youth, with a wish to cultivate domestic happiness, and thereby pay that strict attention to business which his situation may require; with such views and intentions, if carried into execution, society behold the pleasing prospect of the addition of a valuable citizen.—

But when a young man enters upon the matrimonial state without first calculating the importance of the undertaking; when his apparel exceeds by far his situation; when all attention is diverted from business and he sporting on the wings of imagination, like the weathercock playing with the wind and dancing to the sound of folly—Such a young man is making work for repentance—society regard him not—individuals spurn at the coxcomb—and when a few revolving years shall have passed away, and the sweets of domestic society begin to fade, his own conscience will reproach him.

FRIENDSHIP.

LONDON FASHIONS.

LADIES DRESSES FOR DECEMBER.

WALKING DRESSES.—Round dress of thick white muslin. The Hungarian cloak, made of nacarat, or scarlet silk, trimmed all around with broad black lace or fur. A bonnet of the same colour as the cloak, trimmed with black lace or fur, and ornamented with a flower or feather of the same colour.

DANCING OR FULL DRESS—.A short robe of fine muslin, with a train or petticoat of the same; the robe made plain over the bosom, with additional fronts, to fly open from the shoulders. The whole bound with scarlet ribbon; the sleeves and the robe, from the shoulders to the bottom, are ornamented with scarlet ribbon. The bosom trimmed round with deep white lace. A hat of white silk, turned up in front, and lined with scarlet; a feather of the same colour fixed in front, to fall over the crown.

HEAD DRESSES.—1. A bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with blue ribbon: a deep black lace round the front. 2. A close bonnet of purple or other coloured silk, trimmed with ribbon of the same color and ornamented with a flower in front. 3. A bonnet of black velvet turned up in front, and lined and trimmed with scarlet: a scarlet feather in front. 4. A cap of coloured velvet, with a flowr of the same colour in front. 5. A domestic or undress cap of fine muslin. 6. A bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with black ribbon, and a black feather; black lace round the front. 7. A dress hat of white satin, turned up in front, and trimmed with purple velvet; purple and white feathers in front. 8. A black velvet hat, turned up in front, and lined and trimmed with purple. 9. A hat of brown velvet, turned up in front, and trimmed with pink; bows before and behind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colors are scarlet, pink and purple. Black bear muffs and tippets, long before, and in the form of a handkerchief, are general for morning and walking dress; and white muffs and tippets for full dress. Feathers and flowers of all descriptions are universal; long scarlet ribbons are wore round the bosom, from which miniatures or lockets are suspended. Caps in full dress are more prevalent than last winter.

.....Interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.

COWPER.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. OLIVER TAYLOR, to Miss SARAH SCRIPNER.

On Friday evening 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Jones, Mr. JAMES CUMMINGS, of this city, merchant, to Miss CATHARINE NUGENT, daughter of John Nugent, Esq. of the island of Trinidad.

DIED,

Some days since, after a short illness, in the fifth year of her age, Miss ELIZA FALCONER, daughter of Mr. Joseph Falconer of this city.

Parnassian Garland.

THE OLD SHEPHERD.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

'Twas in a solitary glen,
Far from the cheerful haunts of men,
By poverty oppress'd and taught
The lonely task of silent thought,
A shepherd liv'd a surly wight
As ever pac'd the mountain's height:
He was as cold, and eke as grey,
As morning of a winter's day;
And gloomy as November sky
Old SIMON mark'd life's shaddows fly.

And often from the mountain's side
The MANOR-HOUSE old SIMON spy'd;
The rich domain of corn and fields,
With all that smiling Nature yields;
And often as he look'd, he sigh'd,
That Heav'n to him such gifts deny'd.

The SQUIRE had mark'd the ancient swain,
And felt in pity for his pain;
He mark'd him at the dawn of day
Pacing along the dewy way!
At ev'ning's hour he saw him tread
The bleak hill, to his rushy shed,
And still he heard him sigh and groan,
That he was POOR, and left ALONE!
Near the large manor-house, a cot
Was doom'd to mend old SIMON's lot:
The Squire propos'd, that straightway he
The tenant of this cot should be.

SIMON was grateful, "Yet," said he,
"If I'd a little shrubbery,
"A bit of garden full of flow'rs,
"'Twould charm away my summer hours;
"And there, amidst o'er-hanging trees,
"I might enjoy the cooling breeze."
The Squire complies, and round the cot
A thick plantation grac'd the spot.

Now SIMON wish'd a brook were seen
Gliding the shady walks between:
Soon from a torrent's rushy way,
A little rill was taught to stray;
For still the Squire his humour pleas'd,
And SIMON's varying fancy seiz'd.
SIMON was grateful, yet he swore
He'd be content with *one thing more.*
A little field, inclos'd and fair,
Where he might quaff the morning air.

The ground was fenc'd;—he wish'd to keep
A cow, and half a score of sheep.
And still the kind, good-natured Squire
Indulg'd him in his soul's desire.
Thus favour'd, still was he inclin'd
To bear *the discontented mind!*
The wind was cutting, and he found
The cottage stood on northern ground;
The soil was coarse, and bleak the air,
Aloud the tempest rattled there.
The brook, at times, would overflow;
And the trees, waving to and fro,
Disturb'd his rest; the cow and sheep
Would stray along the upland steep;
And he was old, and could not bear
The endless toil of watching there!

Now, to the manor-house remov'd,
Old SIMON ev'ry comfort prov'd;
The wind might howl, the tempest frown,
Still SIMON slept on bed of down;....
And all was rich and warm, yet he
Still discontented chose to be!

Near, in his garden, legends say,
A PEA-HEN scream'd, at dawn of day;
Old SIMON heard the hideous strain,
And sigh'd for solitude again,
The woodland steep, the shady grove,
Where he alone might musing rove;
For now he knew the *wretched* fate
Of yielding to the SONS OF STATE!
The labour which proud PATRONS ask
In adulation's endless task!
He felt the slav'ry which annoys,
With chain of gold, ambition's joys;
That man must ever groan to find
That chain about his active MIND!
Thus SIMON sigh'd, once more to be
The son of lab'ring POVERTY;
And to regain his wanted pleasure,
Sought FREEDOM! as MAN'S PROUDEST TREASURE!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

On her telling the Author, "that she did not expect so much politeness from so great a Poet."

THANKS to the candour of my beautious friend,
Whose mild reproof, at length had let me know
Where all my best solicitudes must end:
And whence the source of many a secret woe.

To *me* has polish'd elegance denied
The bland attractions of the social hour;
But hence conclude not that pedantic pride
Has seal'd my tongue, and taught my brow to low'r.

The pertinent loquacity of wit,
The prompt refinement of the finish'd beau,
The bounding eye, where ceaseless pleasures sit,
And the gay negligence that these bestow—

I do not boast; for, o'er my early years,
Grief—premature, has strech'd her lured wing;
Dissolv'd the eye of happiness in tears,
And nipp'd the budding honours of the spring

Yet bleak Calamity cannot suppress
The warm effusions of a grateful heart;
The pulse that vibrates with a friend's distress,
Nor that which in his joy can share a part.

Nor has indifference assum'd the throne
Where young Susceptibility should reign,
Nor Apathy's impenetrable zone
Render'd this breast insensate to disdain.

O'er Disappointment's gloomy atmosphere,
When gathering clouds forbode approaching storms,
Still 'mid the dismal sullenness appear,
Of Love, and Harmony, the shining forms,

And these revive an else despondent soul,
And spread a balm on Sorrow's bleeding wound;
Uphold the mind while Fate's dread thunders roll,
And pour the light of Consolation round!

Oh, then, withdraw not that benignant beam,
Which shed a lustre on the darkest night,
Veil not the sun, that from Affliction's stream,
Could still exhale the Spirit of Delight.

For, of the various troubles which infest
The weary pilgrim, in this mundane sphere,
Not one can agonize the tender breast
More than *neglect* from those we most revere.

Away, ye phantoms of inglorious Fame,
(Such—such ye are, if Friendship yields to you)
For what, alas! is eminence of name,
If, in exchange, to Peace we bid adieu?

Return, ye hours of unaspiring joy,
When converse wander'd in unstudied ease,
Ere yet acquaintance had begun to cloy,
And my felicity was but *to please.*

Then (he who now the sad reverse deplores)
Maria's self was privileg'd to hear
Unfold the wreath of Information's stores,
And give fresh beauty to the blooming year.

Then too, *Miranda* oft would kindly deign
To add the treasures of her fertile mind,
Treasures, whose sweets could banish every pain,
And aching brows with mirthful poppies bind!

Glory—I would not barter these for thee,
Nor all the splendour which thy charms bestow;
As far superior are these joys to *me*,
As verdant vallies to eternal snow.

WOODVILLE.

.....Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY PHINEHAS HEARD,
AT THE COLUMBIAN PRINTING-OFFICE,
NO. 24, CEDAR-STREET, OPPOSITE THE
SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.